Check Out That Booty

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/21847426.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Smut, Oneshot, Rimming, Booty Worship, Will's booty, season 1 AU, Dom/sub Undertones, Light Dom/sub, Christmas Smut, christmas ficlet, Hannibal (TV) Season/Series 01, Not Canon Compliant, Not Beta Read, Will Graham is a Tease, Crack, Self-Indulgent, Unsafe Sex, Don't copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Season 1 AUs, Part 15 of Hannigram Oneshots
Stats:	Published: 2019-12-18 Words: 2,267 Chapters: 1/1

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by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal is obsessed with Will's booty and Will catches him staring at it. Will then surprises his psychiatrist in the next session with a way of making up which Hannibal happily accepts.

”Feeling paternal, Will?” Hannibal inquired, daring to fling a secret glance at Will’s glorious butt. His backside was clothed in blue denim jeans that were not accentuating his lovely butt nicely enough in his opinion. In fact they were rather unworthy of his splendid peach-shaped bottom.

Unnerved by the blunt question about the meaning of the Christmas present for Abigail, Will turned around and lifted his eyebrows at his psychiatrist sitting in the chair, looking at him with an unbearable arrogant smirk. “Yes”, he grumbled.

"Aren’t you?” Will asked back, narrowing his eyes as he caught Hannibal’s quickly flickering away from him...from a particular part of his body.

“Yes, I do feel a staggering amount of responsibility for Abigail”, Hannibal countered.

Will scoffed and stared him directly in his eyes, crossing his arms on his chest.

“But I have the feeling you feel especially paternal about my ass, Doctor.”

”If my calculations are correct”, Will continued, “I have caught you staring at my butt fifty times in total, Dr. Lecter. That’s quite rude, don’t you think?” Will noted with a faint, teasing smile, then strolled towards the awestruck and uncomfortable-looking psychiatrist sitting like a stiff doll in his armchair with slow steps.

“What’s to be done about that?” Will purred from behind, putting his hands on Hannibal’s shoulders, squeezing them a little. Never before had the psychiatrist felt so utterly helpless and thoroughly unable to formulate a quick answer. His cheeks were running hot.

The scent of Will’s appalling aftershave, something coming from a flask with a ship on a bottle, hazed his mind. His heartbeat was beating as loud as footsteps fleeing into silence in his ears. Will bent lower, invading his private space and Hannibal thought Will wanted to kiss him but the agent pulled away from him with a knowing chuckle.

"I’ll give you some time to think about how you want to make up to me, Doctor”, Will remarked, his voice deep and seducing. He grabbed his field jacket and left the smitten psychiatrist on his own.

To cope with what had happened, Hannibal drew a dozen versions of Will’s butt this night - some more decent than others. Most of the charcoal drawings depicted Will’s booty nude or dressed in tight translucent lace panties or G-strings.

On the following day, Hannibal was seated in front of his desk and finishing taking notes after the intriguing conversation with Bella Crawford. He was disrupted from his thoughts when a loud knock resounded in the room. Wondering who could be his visitor, half-expecting a desperate Jack, he opened the door and was taken by surprise.

It was Will who waited in front of his office with his backside, dressed in tight, black slacks, facing him. Hannibal’s breath was hitched and his eyes were fixed on his beautiful

bottom.The agent slowly turned on his heels and greeted Hannibal with a knowing, meaningful smile. “Good evening, Dr. Lecter.”

”Hello Will”, Hannibal replied , surprised but also pleased at the late visit and stepped aside.

While Will brushed past him, Hannibal struggled to keep his gaze fixed on him all the time instead of returning to his precious booty.

”I didn’t expect you today to be honest”, Hannibal admitted, admiring Will’s groomed hair, his seductive curl falling on his forehead and the ironed salmon shirt. “But I’m always happy to see you. Even after office hours.”

”Especially my butt”, Will countered with an impish smile, taking a seat and making himself comfortable. Hannibal scoffed at his sassy remark but didn’t give an adequate answer. He fetched a bottle of rosé wine, opened it and poured Will and him two glasses just like in their previous session.

“Did you think about how to make up for it?” Will asked him while leaning back in the leather armchair, spreading his legs wide. He was channeling a more dominant energy, Hannibal observed. He was very pleased to see a changed demeanour.

Another faint tinge of red appeared on Hannibal’s sharp cheekbones. “I’m afraid I didn’t, Will. I can only offer you my apology and it won’t happen again.”

Will’s eyebrows shot up again and he took a deep sip from the rosé wine before placing the wine glass on the table. “I rather doubt it”, Will said, leaning forward, licking his lips.

“I actually do have an idea, Doctor“, Will then explained , getting up from the chair in a nonchalant manner. He turned his back on him, slowly unbuckled his belt and let his trousers and boxer shorts fall down to the ground.

Will flung a playful, provocative yet assertive glance over his shoulder when he saw Hannibal‘s jaw hanging a little open at the sight presented to him.

“You better decide quickly what to do before someone comes in”, Will declared in a harsh voice.

He wiggled his nude ass and moved his hips in such a way that Hannibal quickly rose up from his chair as well and walked back to the office door which he locked. Afterward, he circled Will with slow steps, eyeing him like a predator.

“If you don’t hurry up, Doctor, I might just as well go home”, Will threatened in a sweet voice.

Hannibal stopped circling him like a lion about to jump at his prey and approached him from behind now, chuckling softly to himself.

“Then you’re going to miss a Christmas treat”, Hannibal purred into his ear. He let his hands run down the smooth, warm skin of his buttocks, feeling how perfectly firm and flat they were. Just like a juicy peach, ready to sink your teeth in.

“I think it’s more like your Christmas treat, Doctor”, Will countered, smirking back at him over his shoulder.

Hannibal hummed, while squeezing his ass cheeks with his hands, then leading his finger of his left hand to the entrance, the perineum, causing Will to moan when the tips of his fingers stroked along his crack.

“I dare say I don’t entirely disagree. It would be a mutual benefit”, Hannibal said while caressing his cheeks with tender movements of his fingers. Will snorted a little.

“What benefit would that be?” Will said, a frown gracing his face while tilting his head to face Hannibal standing behind him.

“Well, sexual stimulation can help take your mind off the murders and bring you into an entirely different world”, Hannibal explained calmly.

Will didn’t respond at first, seeming to contemplate or waiting for Hannibal to make a move, but Hannibal halted and removed his hands. He was polite enough to not force himself on Will and waited for his next order. In fact, he was looking forward to being bossed around by Will a little bit. The agent then turned around when nothing happened and stared at Hannibal with an expression of impatience, assertiveness and determination on his face.

The psychiatrist was very pleased when he glimpsed the spark of his true personality shimmering through his usual soft demeanour. This was what he wanted to see - Will being confident and sure of himself, ready to take what was his. Not the sweaty man he usually was, disturbed by nightmares and his post-traumatic stress disorder caused by Jack.

“What are you waiting for? Show me, Doctor”, Will demanded of him, his voice authoritarian, placing his hands on his hips. “You have something to make up for after all.”

Hannibal was happy to oblige and went on his knees. His eyes first fell on Will’s half-erect cock before he raised them after feeling Will’s harsh gaze on him.

“It would be my pleasure to apologize for my rude behavior”, Hannibal replied, all submissive and modest.

He gazed at Will with reverence in his maroon eyes, then reached out to touch Will’s cock and ass with his hands.

Will cocked his eyebrow and pulled back for a second. “You need to say please before you are allowed to touch me again”, he remarked coolly.

“Please, Will”, Hannibal uttered. “Please let me make up for my misbehavior.”

Will petted his head and ruffled though his neatly combed hair. “Good boy.There you are”, he cooed then turned around once more to present him his wonderful bottom Hannibal was apparently in love with.

Hannibal crouched closer on the floor, his head on the same level as his butt now. He kissed the left buttock first and planted further, gentle adoring kisses on every inch of the smooth

mounds.

“So magnificent”, Hannibal praised him in between. “I’ve never seen such a beautiful bottom.”

Will blushed at hearing the praise. “Don’t you think you exaggerate a little?” He asked, throwing a skeptical sideways glance at Hannibal kneeling on the floor behind him.

“No”, he answered. “You truly have a marvelous body, Will. It matches the ancient Greek aesthetic ideals.”

Will merely laughed the compliment away, his cheeks turning even more deep red.”If you say so, Doctor”, he joked.

Hannibal’s tongue then wandered to the crack between the two mounds of skin and licked around it. Hannibal felt him tremble beneath his licking and exploration. His hands kneaded the soft, warm flesh of his buttocks while he gently pushed his tongue into the crack, thrusting it inside. Will tensed and squirmed a little under the intrusion of his tongue.

“I need you to relax, Will”, Hannibal remarked calmly, when he noticed the clenching of his external and internal sphincter muscles and pulled back. “Take deep breaths. Close your eyes and trust me.” Will mumbled something but exhaled deeply and shut his eyes.

“This feels good”, Will moaned some moments later, a little breathless. His hands rested on the black armchair in front of him while Hannibal’s tongue explored the entrance of his bottom, his anus, steadily pushing further.

“It should ”, Hannibal muttered in between.

Will grabbed his erect cock and toyed with it. “Fuck..”, he mumbled, sliding his hands up and down his shaft. Seeing this, Hannibal stopped as he noticed he needed lubrification to proceed in his plan to pleasure Will.

“One moment, please”, he told Will who was turning his head over his shoulder, wondering why Hannibal stopped. “I need lubrification”, Hannibal clarified and walked to his desk where he withdrew a small glass flask of lube from one of the drawers.

Will snorted and turned around. “You keep lube in your office ?” He asked Hannibal, his lips twitching.

Hannibal smiled. “You’ll never know. It is always advisable to be prepared.”

Closing the bottom drawer, he then walked back to Will, prepared for pick up where they had just stopped.

“Can we use your couch ?” Will asked Hannibal, now stepping out of his trousers and boxers. “It would be more comfortable for me.”

“Of course “, Hannibal replied.

Will then made himself comfortable on the grey couch and lay flat down on his belly, his hard erect cock pressing down into the soft tissue of the couch. He straddled his legs for Hannibal. At the end of the couch, Hannibal coated his fingers with lube and shoved them inside. He widened the entrance before his tongue joined the fingers again.

“Ohhh”, Will moaned beneath him. “You’re doing well so far , Doctor.”

These words encouraged him to speed up the thrusts of his fingers and tongue, causing Will to tremble and kick his limbs into the air. The high-pitched cries, the moans, and grunts made Hannibal smile and nearly let out tears of joy. Will created such a beautiful melody. Feeling Will quivering under the employment of his tongue, Hannibal then slipped a hand beneath and reached for Will’s cock which rutted against the soft couch cushion and squeezed it while his other finger slipped in and out of his anus, thrusting sharply against his prostate. Hannibal loved the taste of Will on his tongue.

Then, without a warning, Will jerked and hastily rolled down from the couch before totally ruining the cushion with his cum. But some droplets unfortunately found their way on the grey cover of the couch.

Will sat up on the floor, panting and relaxing for a moment. Hannibal then straddled his legs, bowed down his head and licked up the droplets of cum running down his shaft and his balls.

”You surely have an oral fixation, Doctor”, Will remarked drily, watching his psychiatrist tasting him, his tongue taking in everything he had to offer. “I wonder why that is”, he remarked jokingly.

”Perhaps”, Hannibal replied, his lip pulled up in a slight smirk. “I do have developed a certain kind of taste for exquisite things.”

Snorting in amusement, Will got up and put on his boxer and trousers, not making a move to reward the efforts of his psychiatrist who wiped away the wet stain on the floor in the mean time. Will smirked at Hannibal. “I think you did well and you did make up for it. But if I were you, I’d exchange the cushion of your couch.”

Hannibal put his loose bangs behind his ear and rose up as well, having finished wiping up all treacherous stains. His cock was now pressing against the fabrics of his smooth slacks and a part of him had hoped Will would return the favor but he didn’t.The agent merely cast an amused look at his crotch.

“Thank you for the treat. Merry Christmas, Dr. Lecter”, Will thanked him, buttoning up his plaid shirt and putting on his field jacket, before walking towards the door and grabbing the handle of the door.

Hannibal smiled as Will made his way to the office exit. ”Merry Christmas to you, too, Will”, he answered. Will winked at him, then shut the door.

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